

WEARO Thrillers #5 Z-D 10-11/52

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5 Powell

WEIRD THRILLERS

Death At The Mardi Gras... PAYMENT IN FULL

WEIRD

Thrillers



ANC

10c

No. 5
OCT.-NOV.



Talons of Terror...
WINGS OF DEATH

*
The Claws Of The Cat...
THE STALKING DOOM

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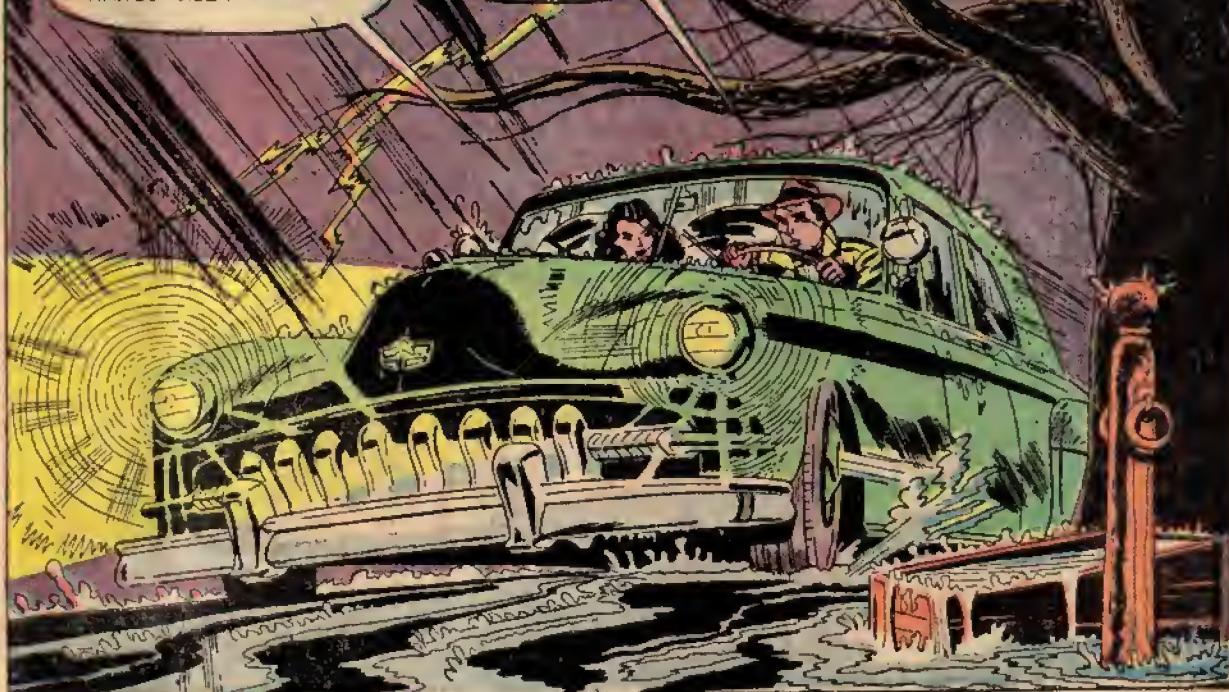
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ON A DESOLATE HIGHWAY, NOT FAR FROM NEW ORLEANS, A CAR MOVES CAUTIOUSLY FORWARD AGAINST THE ELEMENTS...

PAYMENT IN FULL!

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN THIS STORM; WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED 'TILL MORNING!

WHY DON'T YOU RELAX? I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS!



MOMENTS LATER, THE MOTOR SPLUTTERS NOISILY AND GOES DEAD!

YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS, EH? BY THE TIME WE GET TO NEW ORLEANS THE MARDI GRAS WILL BE OVER!

NO, IT WON'T! WE'RE GOIN' TO MAKE OURSELVES A BUNDLE OF DOUGH, LIKE I SAID! LEAVE IT TO ME, BABY!

YOU WAIT HERE, DORIS. I'LL GO UP THE ROAD AND SEE IF I CAN FIND A HOUSE!

AND LEAVE ME ALONE? NOTHING DOING! WE'LL BOTH GO!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

I'M SOAKED!

THERE'S A HOUSE! RIGHT UP AHEAD!

I-I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT, CHRIS! IT'S SO DARK!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT AT MIDNIGHT? C'MON, WE'LL GO UP AND TAKE A LOOK!



SUDDENLY, A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES THE SCENE...

CHRIS!

L-LET'S GET BACK TO THE CAR!

WHAT FOR? WE CAN DRY OFF HERE! C'MON!



I DON'T MIND WALKING BACK IN THE RAIN, CHRIS -- HONEST! ONLY LET'S NOT GO IN! I'M S-- SCARED!

I'VE BEEN IN THE GAMBLIN' RACKET TOO LONG TO LET AN OLD HOUSE BLUFF ME. THE MINUTE I GET THIS BOARD LOOSE, I'LL PROVE IT!



SAY, LOOK - A REAL OLD-FASHIONED FIREPLACE! IN JUST ABOUT FIVE MINUTES WE'RE GOIN' TO BE AS COMFY AS TWO BUGS IN A RUG!



SEE, YOU'RE FEELING BETTER ALREADY! THE MINUTE THE STORM BLOWS OVER, WE'LL HEAD FOR TOWN AND THE BIG DOUGH! ONE GOOD POKER GAME, AND WE'LL BE IN THE CHIPS!



OKAY, CHRIS! I'M SORRY I WAS JUMPY!

THAT'S OKAY, BABY! A LITTLE KISS AND --

EEE EEE!

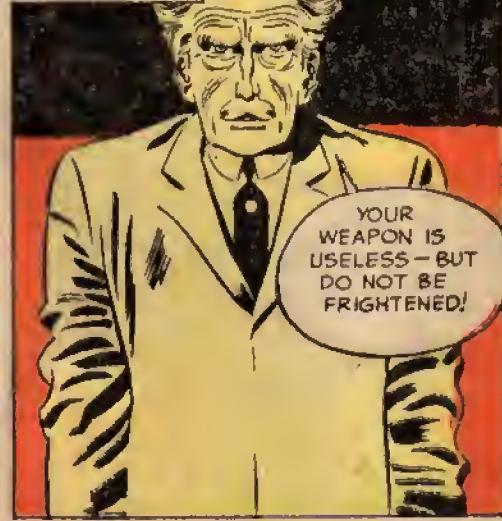




SLOWLY, THE GLOWING LIGHT
TAKES ON SHAPE AND FORM...

THEN GLIDES FORWARD INTO THE
ROOM...

AND IN HOLLOW TONES ADDRESSES THE
CRINGING PAIR.



I SEEK YOUR AID -- FOR ONLY
THOSE OF FLESH AND BLOOD
CAN DO WHAT I ASK! IF YOU
FULFILL MY REQUEST, BOTH OF
YOU WILL BE WELL REWARDED!

YOU MEAN...
YOU'RE A REAL
SPOOK... A
GHOST?



FIRST, REMOVE THIS BRICK FROM THE FIRE-PLACE - HURRY! THE MINUTES PASS AND I MUST SOON DEPART!

THIS IS THE CRAZIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED -- BUT MAYBE THERE'S AN ANGLE IN THIS FOR ME!

TO CHRIS' SURPRISE, THE BRICK COMES AWAY EASILY. REACHING IN, HIS SEARCHING HAND FINDS OBJECTS. CAREFULLY, HE TAKES THEM OUT AND...

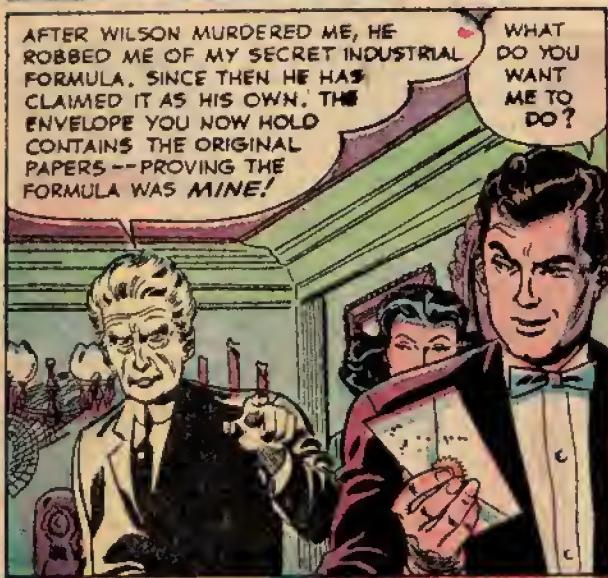


AFTER WILSON MURDERED ME, HE ROBBED ME OF MY SECRET INDUSTRIAL FORMULA. SINCE THEN HE HAS CLAIMED IT AS HIS OWN. THE ENVELOPE YOU NOW HOLD CONTAINS THE ORIGINAL PAPERS -- PROVING THE FORMULA WAS MINE!

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

TAKE THE ENVELOPE TO THE POLICE IN NEW ORLEANS. THEY WILL NOT BELIEVE YOU HAVE SPOKEN TO THE SPIRIT OF ALBERT LANDERS - BUT THE ENVELOPE HERE CONTAINS THE PROOF. THEY WILL SEE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS... OF EVERYTHING!



SECONDS LATER, WHEN THE SPECTRAL IMAGE VANISHES...

YOU'RE NOT GOING THROUGH WITH THIS, CHRIS! I'M AFRAID!

SHUT UP AND LISTEN! THIS IS OUR BEST BREAK SO FAR. THIS THING CAN PAY OFF PLENTY!



IN NEW ORLEANS AN HOUR LATER, THE MARDI GRAS IS IN FULL SWING...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, IN A FASHIONABLE PART OF TOWN...



THEN...



I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT. I'VE GOT INFORMATION, WILSON -- ENOUGH TO SEND YOU TO THE CHAIR FOR THE MURDER OF ALBERT LANDERS, AND IT'S ALL IN BLACK AND WHITE!

THEN YOU KNOW! YOU'VE FOUND OUT!



ALL RIGHT, THEN I HAND OVER THE PAPERS FAST!

I'M NOT THAT STUPID! IN THE FIRST PLACE, I HAVEN'T GOT THEM WITH ME -- DON'T SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER! IF I'M NOT BACK IN A HALF-HOUR MY PARTNER WILL TURN THE EVIDENCE OVER TO THE COPS!



YOU WIN! HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT?

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND! AND THAT'S PRETTY CHEAP TO SAVE YOU FROM THE HOT SEAT! SUPPOSE YOU GET INTO SOME CLOTHES AND WE'LL START MOVING!



AND WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE RESTAURANT WHERE DORIS IS WAITING...

HERE HE IS, BABY! IT TOOK A LITTLE COAXING - BUT HE'S SEEN THE LIGHT!

NEVER MIND THAT! LET'S SEE THOSE PAPERS!

C'MON, FELLA! JOIN IN THE FUN!

NOT NOW, SPORT! BE A NICE GUY - BEAT IT!

YAH-HOO! WHEEEE!

HEY, WAITER! HOW ABOUT A PRIVATE BOOTH FOR MY PARTY?

AT ONCE, SIR! FOLLOW ME!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

MAYBE NOW WE'LL HAVE SOME PRIVACY!

LET'S SEE THAT ENVELOPE! I'VE GOT THE CASH!

HAND IT OVER, DORIS! IT'S - SAY, WHAT'S EATING YOU?

BEHIND YOU, CHRIS! WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWED!

THIS IS A PRIVATE PARTY, FELLA! CLEAR OUT - BEFORE I TOSS YOU OUT!

I'LL GIVE YOU THREE SEC -

I-IT IS LANDERS! HE'S COME BACK!

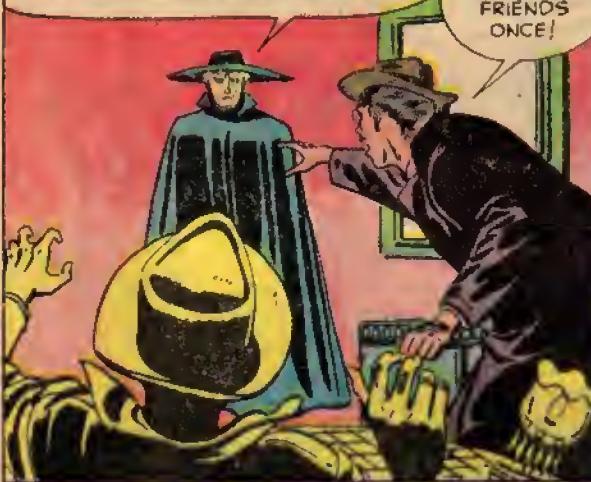
I HAVE COME BACK, WILSON! TO ACCUSE YOU, WHO TOOK MY LIFE, AND THESE OTHER TWO WHO DECEIVED ME!

WAIT, LANDERS! WE WERE FRIENDS ONCE!

AND STILL YOU KILLED ME! MURDERED ME! KILLED ME!

WAITY

AEEEEEE!



AS THE SMOKE FILLS THE ROOM, CHRIS' BELLOWING VOICE SINKS TO A SOBING WHIMPER... THEN ALL BECOMES SILENT - EXCEPT FOR THE FIERCE CRACKLING OF THE FLAMES...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...



ARE THOSE THREE PEOPLE DEAD, OFFICER?

THAT'S RIGHT!

BUT WHAT BEATS ME IS THAT THEY COULD HAVE WALKED OUT OF THERE, THE SAME AS YOU PEOPLE DID! THE DOORS ON THOSE BOOTHS DON'T HAVE ANY LOCKS ON THEM!

AMB

TATTOO

MOVIE ACTOR DEREK LAYNE THOUGHT HE COULD GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING --
EVEN MURDER -- BUT HE FOUND THAT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM...

The STALKING DOOM





WHAT IF SHE WERE TO DIE TONIGHT? WITH HER OUT OF THE WAY, I'D BE RICH! RICH!



DEREK LAYNE'S EVIL PLAN DROVE HIM BACK TO THE OLD MANSION...



ON THE BEDROOM OF HIS Helpless VICTIM...





SOON THE ROOM WAS AN INFERNO...



MINUTES LATER... THERE WON'T BE A TRACE OF EVIDENCE. ONCE THE FIRE IS OUT OF CONTROL, I'LL CLEAR OUT BEFORE THE ALARM IS TURNED IN! I MUSTN'T BE SEEN HERE!



BUT ONE VICTIM ESCAPES DEREK'S MURDEROUS PLOT...

A WEEK AFTER THE TRAGEDY, DEREK IS SUMMONED TO THE OFFICE OF HIS AUNT'S ATTORNEY...



SOMEHOW, DEREK GETS BACK
TO HIS DINGY FURNISHED
ROOM ...

SHE CHEATED ME! SHE
ROBBED ME! FOUR
HUNDRED DOLLARS!
A PITTANCE!



WHENEVER DEREK TURNS, THE CAT'S BLAZING EYES HAUNT HIM... HE
KNOWS SAKI IS STALKING HIM... AWAITING THE MOMENT OF REVENGE...



DEREK SINKS LOWER AND LOWER, UNTIL...



THE NEXT MORNING...

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. LAYNE! MR. JOHNSON IS ON SET FOUR!

THANKS, TOM!



GO OVER TO THE COSTUME DEPARTMENT, DEREK! THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

MIND TELLING ME SOMETHING ABOUT THE PART?



IT'S ONLY A BIT! WE SHOW YOU GETTING PLACED IN THE IRON MAIDEN. YOU SCREAM -- WE CUT -- AND THEN SHOW THE IRON MAIDEN WITH THE DOOR CLOSED!

AS DEREK TAKES HIS PLACE ON THE SET...

THERE'S NO CHANCE OF THAT CLOSING ON ME! THOSE SPIKES GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

DON'T WORRY! WE HAVE A MAN HOLDING THE DOOR! GOT HIM STRAPPED IN THERE, BOYS?



CAMERA! JOHNSON! JOHNSON! THAT CAT!



OW!!

THE DOOR! HE'LL BE KILLED!

SAVE ME! SAVE ME! HELP!



AS THE HEAVY DOOR SWINGS SHUT, SAKI HAS AVENGED HIS MISTRESS... AND DEREK LAYNE PAYS THE PENALTY FOR MURDER!



CAGLIOSTRO—*Swindler or Superman?*

AHUNDRED AND SEVENTY YEARS AGO, there was a secret religious society which claimed that its president lived on the moon!

The time is 1779, ten years before the French Revolution. The place is anywhere in Europe, in any one of a dozen secret underground lodges of the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science. A new convert, having been investigated for months and questioned carefully for days, is about to be admitted into the mysteries of a cult so alien that many insist that it originated in a completely non-human mind.

But whatever its beginnings, its worshippers now include some of the most powerful noblemen, richest merchants and wisest sages in all of Italy, Germany and France. Princes and potentates are proud to be humble though secret members. The new convert, though frightened of what lies ahead for him this night, is proud of the honor and shakily determined to go through with it—no matter what happens.

After hours of waiting and tearful meditation, he is led slowly, step by step, along a dark and winding underground path. He emerges into a hall so vast that he can hardly see the opposite wall, which is black, like the ceiling and floor and everything else in this strange place. In fact, the convert asks himself, are the walls really black—or do they just disappear into the eternal night of this subterranean chamber? In the light from three tiny lamps he can barely make out the figures of serpents undulating across the floor. Are they embroidery—are they paintings—or are they real?

Suddenly he gasps and falls to his knees as he notices an altar formed of human bones. Skulls are scattered about the floor, and between them are careless piles of ancient books, their yellowed pages somehow fallen open to an incantation for the raising of the dead!

The novice realizes he is now alone and remains on his knees in the swirling gloom, hoping that nothing worse than the things he has already seen

will materialize. He is disappointed. All about him, phantom figures, men and women with completely transparent bodies, begin to rise from the floor. They float across the enormous hall, groaning and writhing, and eventually disappear down into the blackness again. Hours pass.

Finally, three solid human beings arrive and he almost embraces them. They tie a ribbon dipped in blood around his head, strip his clothes off roughly and trace strange cabalistic signs on his naked body. As soon as this is done, more ghostly figures appear. These spread a richly woven carpet before the initiate and light a fire. A tremendous and incredible creature appears in the smoke of the fire, and all fall prostrate before him.

Slowly, awesomely, in the strangest accent ever heard, the creature in the smoke intones the words of the oath that the convert must repeat after him!

This, as closely as we can reconstruct it today from the half-burned documents of the secret society and the dry, legal reports of the government and church officials who destroyed it, was what an initiation into the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science was like. But what was the purpose of this organization?

That, alas, is lost forever. All we know today is what some of its leading members claimed to be able to do—and the names of its chief officers.

The name of its president was unmentionable: all that most members were ever told about him was that he lived somewhere in the mountains of the moon and followed a grand design of his own, which human beings could not be expected to understand!

Immediately under him in rank was a certain Count Alexander Cagliostro, Grand Cophta for Europe and Asia, followed by Seraphina, known as Grand Mistress of Egyptian Freemasonry.

This Count Cagliostro was a strange, heavy-set, brooding man for whom the raising of the devil was supposed to be the easiest item in his enormous bag of magical tricks. He was said to be able to take a

handful of pebbles gathered by a doubtful enemy along the seashore and transform them into perfect, glistening pearls! Many spoke in low voices of Seraphina's crystal ball, in which those she favored might be invited to view scenes from their past—and future. And Seraphina and Cagliostro between them were widely considered capable of making those legendary creatures, the bottled homunculi, who could answer any question a human put to them!

No one knew anything about Seraphina's background. Some members of the society dared whisper that she had been manufactured by Cagliostro himself, as an experiment, early in his career.

But Cagliostro—there was a history for you!

According to him, he was a prince of Trebizond who had been sold as a slave when that Eastern kingdom fell. He was purchased by one of the wisest men of the time, the Scherif of Mecca, and was given his freedom when the master decided that the young man had acquired all of his wisdom. Cagliostro began to travel in search of further wisdom and became a member of many strange sects in his pursuit of mystic knowledge. One of them, worshippers of the ancient Egyptian god, Osiris, reputedly taught him the elements of the new religion; another, a Domaniel of Alchemists, gave him control over inanimate matter. Finally, on the Isle of Malta, Althotas, the Wisest of Sages, was believed to have shown him how to generate the spark of life and how to contact that strange entity on the moon who, for reasons of his own, wanted a new religion established on Earth.

Whatever the purposes of the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science, it flourished and became more and more powerful. Every important city in Europe, from Paris to St. Petersburg, had a lodge of the society—and everywhere the most important men in the kingdom might well turn out to be members or worshippers.

How the society was destroyed is still a matter for argument. Many believe it was discredited when Cagliostro was arrested for his part in the theft of a fabulous diamond necklace from the court of Marie Antoinette. No one ever found the necklace—its value, by the way, was estimated at just a

little more than the price of a battleship!—and the details of the robbery were so confused and so mixed with royal scandal and the approaching rumbles of the French Revolution that Cagliostro and his fellow-suspects were released.

But some of the more powerful members of the society began to wonder about the Grand Cophtha for Europe and Asia. Were the miracles they had seen no more than carefully-rigged fakes?

On December 29th, 1789 Cagliostro and Seraphina were arrested on their way to Rome by the Holy Inquisition. And that was that.

In a very little while, a new story began to come out of the Castle of St. Angelo where they were imprisoned. Seraphina was talking fast—and as she did, she drew a novel picture of the man known as Count Alexander of Cagliostro, Heir to the Golden Throne of Trebizond, Pupil Adored of the Wisest Sage Althotas, Foster Son of the Scherif of Mecca, and called by him the Unfortunate Child of Nature, Grand Master Supreme of the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science and Grand Cophtha of Europe and Asia.

She said he was no more than an apothecary's apprentice named Giuseppe Balsamo, born in Palermo, Sicily, in 1743. That he was a town bully and ne'er-do-well who'd been in every scraps imaginable before he'd met and married her in Rome. That she had made him into Cagliostro and given him every idea he'd ever had!

According to the story, they died in the dungeons of the Castle St. Angelo, screaming hatred at each other, the greatest swindler the world has ever known and the woman who almost founded a religion with him. But there are those who say that his downfall began when he tried to make a private profit out of the society, that the unknown creature living in the mountains of the moon was displeased by his theft of the Queen's diamond necklace and disowned him.

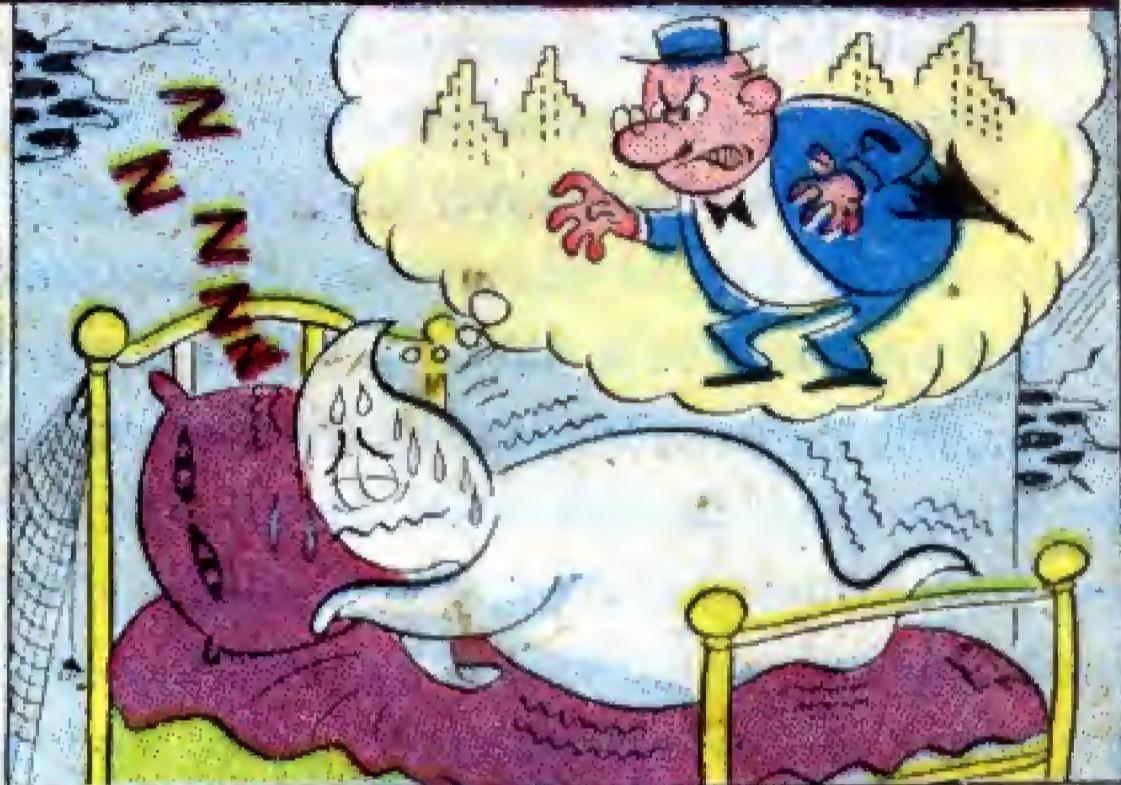
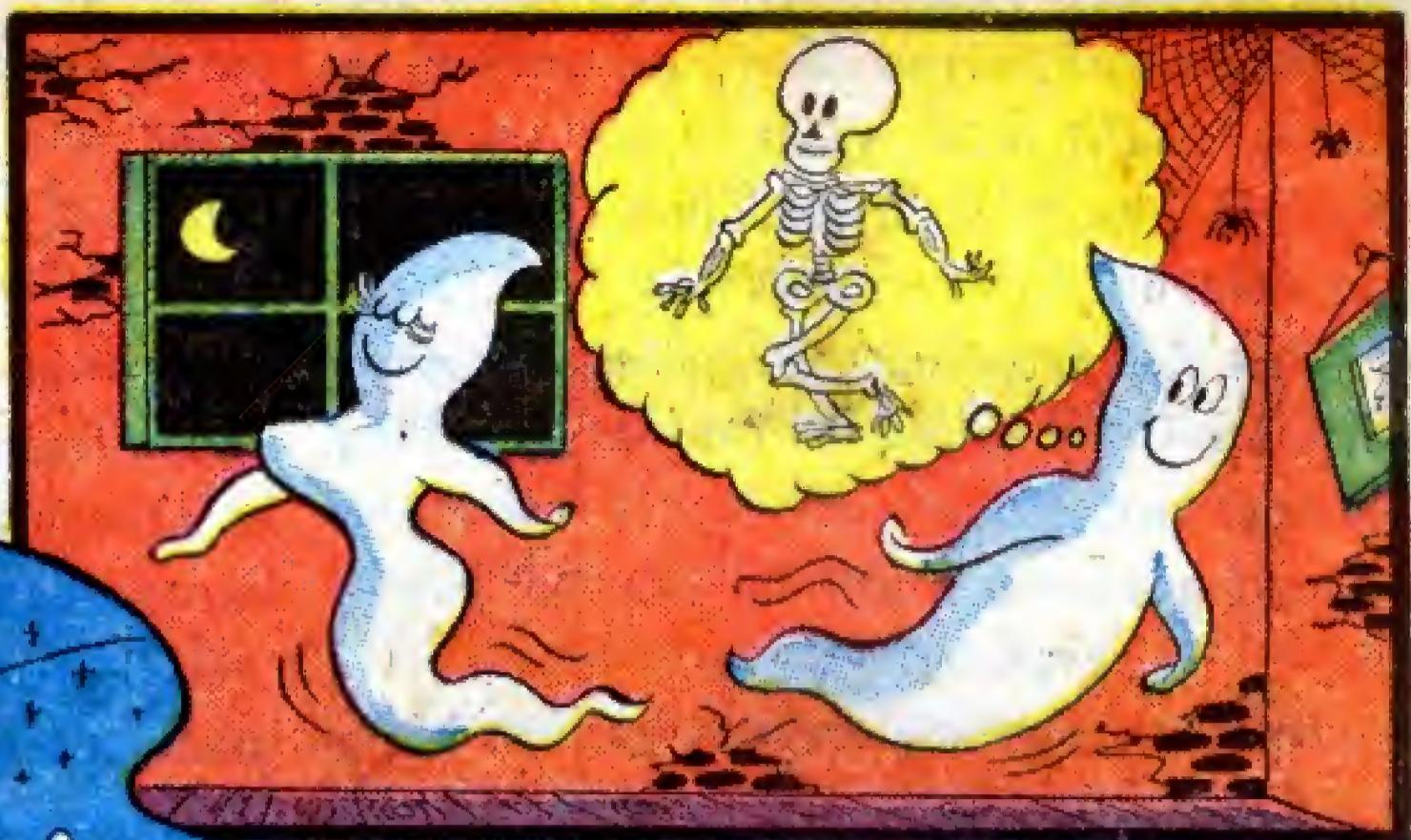
And that this strange creature is worshipped to this very day, for plans of his own which are being slowly worked out by a modern form of the society—and by descendants of Cagliostro and Seraphina!

THE END

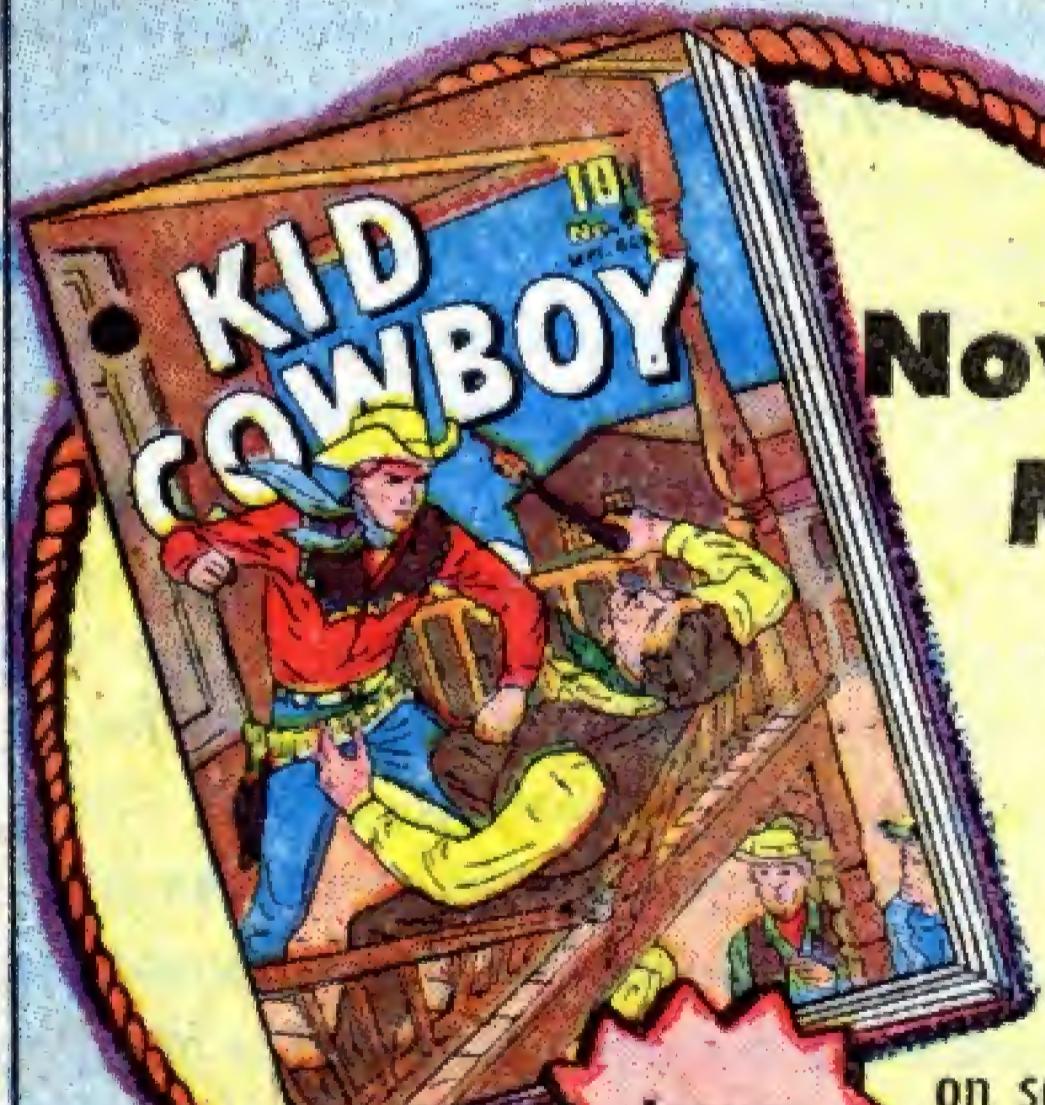
GIGGLES AND GHOSTS



"DROP DEAD"



BOY MARVEL OF THE WILD WEST!



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WHAT IS MORE HARMLESS THAN A BIRD? YET THE MOST TIMID CREATURE CAN BE STIRRED TO VENGEANCE. FOR WHEN A MAN COMMITS MURDER, HE CAN EXPECT NO MERCY! EVEN THE BIRDS FLY TO HIM ON...

WINGS of DEATH!

I-I THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE BIRDS! THEY'VE COME FOR THEIR VENGEANCE!

FRANK GIACOMA

HHIGH IN THE ROCKIES, WARREN AMES, THE NOTED HUNTER, BAGS A PRIZE... A RARE WHITE EAGLE...

IT IS FORBIDDEN TO KILL THE SNOW EAGLE!

I GOT HIM!

YOU HAVE KILLED KING OF THE BIRDS! HIS SUBJECTS WILL AVENGE HIM!

FOOL! YOU ALMOST SPOILED MY AIM! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GUIDE ME-- NOT TALK!





JOE, GIVE ME A BREAK! MY LUCK'S BEEN BAD-- BUT IT'LL TURN AND...

I'M A BOOKIE, AMES! I'VE GIVEN YOU ENOUGH BREAKS! I GIVE YOU JUST SEVENTY-TWO HOURS TO GET ME THAT DOUGH--OR ELSE!

AN' THIS'LL SHOW YOU I AIN'T KIDDIN'! SEVENTY-TWO HOURS! REMEMBER!

ALL RIGHT, JOE! I'LL--I'LL GET THE MONEY!

AFTER THE GAMBLER LEAVES.. HE MEANS IT! HE'LL KILL ME! WHERE CAN I RAISE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS? I COULD RUN AWAY... BUT HE'D FIND ME!... WHERE CAN I GET THAT MONEY?

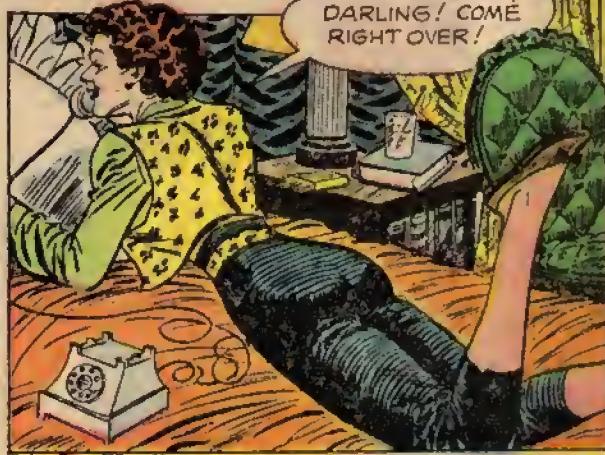


GLORIA! SHE'S STILL CRAZY ABOUT ME, AND SHE'S RICH! I'LL CALL HER!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN GLORIA KANE'S LUXURIOUS APARTMENT...

WHY, WARREN! THIS IS A SURPRISE! YOU WANT TO SEE ME? BUT, OF COURSE, DARLING! COME RIGHT OVER!



I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS! SO HE'S COMING TO ME! I KNOW HE OWES JOE ARNOLD MONEY! I'LL MAKE HIM SQUIRM!



SOON...

... AND THAT'S HOW IT IS, GLORIA! PLEASE HELP ME!



SO YOU NEED ME NOW, WARREN? FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! YOU EXPECT ME TO FORGET THE WAY YOU JILTED ME?

GLORIA, I'M SORRY...
AND I DO NEED
YOU! ARNOLD'LL
KILL ME IF I
DON'T RAISE
THE MONEY!

YES, HE
WOULDN'T
THINK TWICE
ABOUT IT,
EITHER!

THIS RING COULD
WIPE OUT YOUR
DEBT, WARREN!
IT WOULD BE SO
EASY TO HELP YOU!
MAYBE I WILL--
AND MAYBE
I WON'T!

DON'T
TAUNT ME,
GLORIA!
PLEASE--
PLEASE
HELP ME!

YOU'D LIKE
THIS RING,
WOULDN'T YOU?
BEG, WARREN--
BEG! MAYBE I'LL
LISTEN TO YOU!

BE CAREFUL,
GLORIA! I
CAN'T
TAKE THIS
FROM YOU--
I WON'T!



LEAVING THROUGH A SERVICE ENTRANCE,
WARREN REACHES THE STREET, AND...

I STILL DON'T
HAVE THE DOUGH FOR
ARNOLD! BUT MAYBE
I CAN MAKE A DEAL
WITH HIM! THIS
RING IS WORTH
FIVE GRAND! I'LL
SEE HIM TOMORROW!

THE NEXT DAY, AT JOE
ARNOLD'S PLACE...

SOMEBODY
KILLED GLORIA!
YOU KNOW I WENT
FOR HER, AMES!

I DID TOO--ONCE!
IT'S TOO BAD SHE'S
DEAD! BUT I DIDN'T
COME TO TALK
ABOUT HER!

THAT'S RIGHT!
A LITTLE MATTER
OF FIVE THOUSAND--
YOU GOT IT?

NOT IN CASH!
BUT SOMETHING JUST
AS GOOD!

THIS RING--IT'S
WORTH FIVE GRAND
...WHAT'S WRONG?
WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING AT ME
THAT WAY?

I KNOW WHERE
YOU GOT THAT
RING! I GAVE
IT TO GLORIA FOR
A BIRTHDAY PRESENT!
THAT WAY?

I LOVED HER!
YOU'LL PAY FOR
IT! I'M
CALLING
THE COPS!
JOE--
NO!!



LUCKY NOBODY HEARD THE SHOT! I'M IN A FIX NOW! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN--BUT FAST!

I COULD GO ON A HUNTING TRIP UP TO THE SHACK... BUT... BUT... I'M AFRAID... THOSE BIRDS... THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR ME!

I MUST BE GETTING SOFT! I'M WARREN AMES, THE HUNTER! I'M NOT GOING TO LET A STUPID INDIAN LEGEND SCARE ME! I'M GOING TO THE SHACK!

SO WARREN AMES DEPARTS ON HIS HUNTING TRIP, CONFIDENT THAT HE IS GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER...

THIS BLASTED RAIN! IT'LL MAKE THESE DIRT ROADS IMPASSABLE!

SOON... THE CAR'S STUCK--BUT SOOO! NOTHING TO DO BUT TAKE OFF FOR THE SHACK ON FOOT!

SOME TIME LATER...

PHW! WHAT A HIKE! I'LL BE GLAD OF A NIGHT'S SLEEP!

THERE'S SOMETHING CREEPY ABOUT THIS PLACE! I FEEL AS THOUGH EVERY MOVE I MAKE IS BEING WATCHED. FELT IT ALL THE WAY UP HERE!

THE NEXT EVENING...

IT LOOKS BETTER IN THE SUN-SHINE! I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE AND THEN GO DIG THE CAR OUT!



WHAT A ROCK! IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS I'LL SELL IT FOR FIVE GRAND! EVERYTHING WORKED OUT FINE! IF YOU'RE SMART--YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING--EVEN MURDER!



WHAT'S THAT? OH--A SPARROW! I'M GETTING JUMPY! THAT CRAZY INDIAN'S TALK ABOUT THE BIRDS... IT'S JUST SUPERSTITION!



SUDDENLY...

ALL THESE BIRDS! I DIDN'T HEAR THEM! WHY ARE THEY WATCHING ME? NO! NO! LET ME ALONE!



THEN, AS IF AT A SIGNAL, THE BIRDS CLOSE IN...

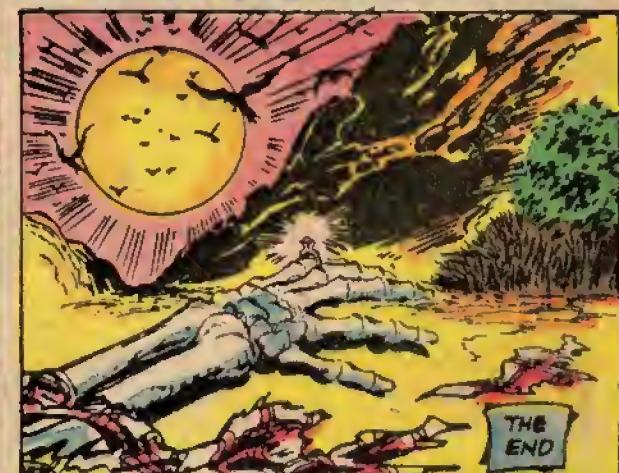
HELP!!
HELP!!



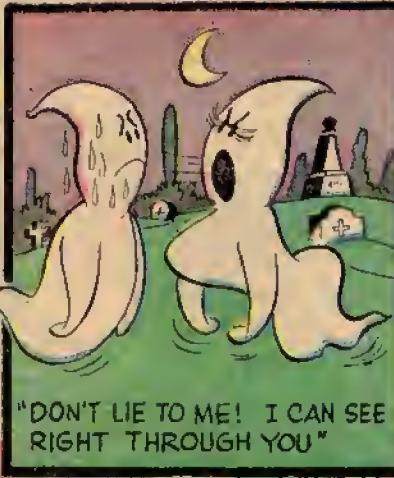
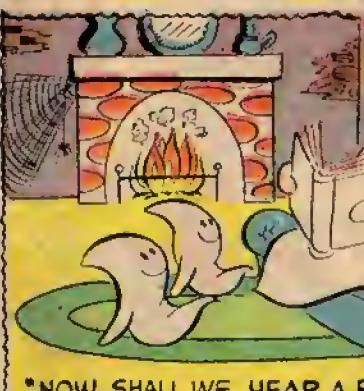
FOR A FEW MOMENTS, HE STRUGGLES WILDLY... AND THEN...



THE WINGS OF DEATH FLUTTER AWAY. HIS LAST SCREAM OF TERROR DIES, AND WARREN AMES HAS PAID THE PENALTY FOR A DOUBLE MURDER, AND THE BIRDS HAVE AVENGED THEIR KING...

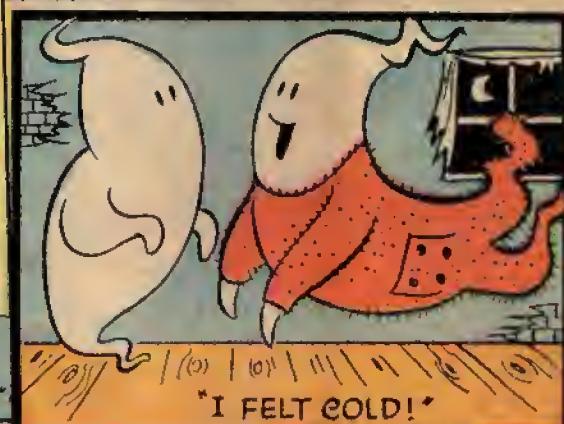
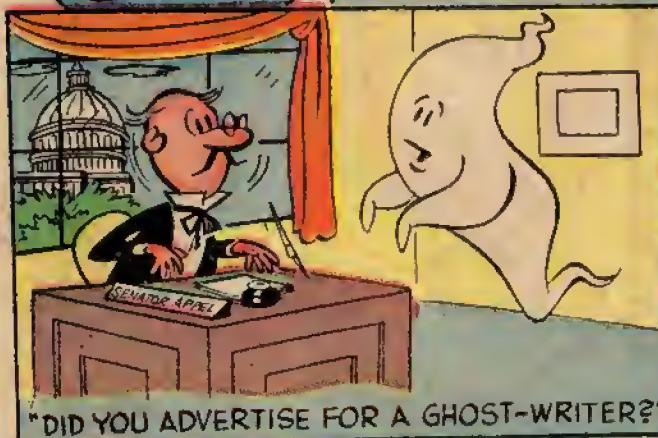
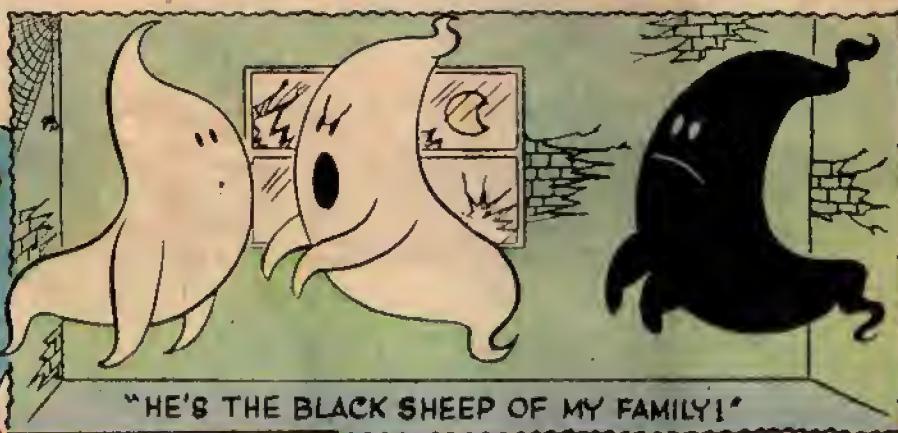


GRAVEYARD GUFFAWS



SPIRIT SPASMS

VIC
MARTIN

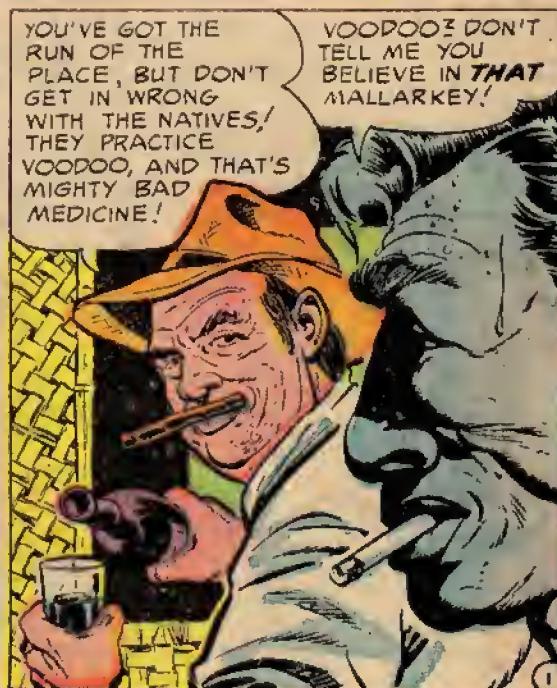


A KILLER WANTED IN THE STATES, JIM WOLFE HAD FACED TERROR MANY TIMES. BUT NEVER HAD HE FELT THE BOTTOMLESS HORROR THAT ASSAILED HIM IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF VOODOO-RIDDEN HAITI, WHEN HE FACED THE SPIRIT OF KING HENRI CHRISTOPHE I, AND THE RELENTLESSLY ADVANCING, GHOSTLY RANKS OF...

"ALL THE KING'S MEN"



JIM WOLFE, WANTED FOR MURDER, ARRIVES AT THE COFFEE PLANTATION OF HIS OLD FRIEND, DAN McGRAW, DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF HAITI.



A FEW DAYS LATER...

HEY, FRANCOIS! WHAT'S THAT BIG FORT UP THERE?

IT IS THE CITADEL LA FERRIERE, M'SIEU WOLFE/HENRI CHRISTOPHE BUILT IT! HE WAS HAITI'S ONLY KING, AND A CRUEL MAN!

YEAH? WHAT'S THAT BIG TRIANGLE-SHAPED END STICKING OUT OF IT?

THAT IS CALLED THE PROW, BECAUSE IT IS SHAPED LIKE THE BOW OF A SHIP! IT HAS A HISTORY EVEN BLOODIER THAN THE REST OF THE CITADEL! LISTEN TO WHAT THAT PIG, CHRISTOPHE, DID ON THE PROW!

"ABOUT 1800, CHRISTOPHE WANTED TO IMPRESS AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL! HE TOOK HIM OUT ON THE PROW, AND..."

OF COURSE THE DISCIPLINE OF ENGLISH TROOPS IS UNSURPASSED, YOUR MAJESTY!

DO YOU THINK SO, ADMIRAL? HA! I WILL SHOW YOU DISCIPLINE!

CAPITAIN!

WE SHALL REVIEW MY TROOPS, ADMIRAL! PROCEED, CAPITAIN!

THEY MARCH BEAUTIFULLY, BUT ARE THEY NOT APPROACHING THE EDGE TOO CLOSELY?

YOU WILL SEE WHY HAITI IS SAFE FROM ALL INVADERS! MY SOLDIERS WILL NOT FALTER-- THEY WILL OBEY ME TO THE DEATH!

TELL THEM TO STOP! THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED!

NOW, PERHAPS YOU WILL TELL YOUR ENGLISH KING OF THE GLORY AND MIGHT OF HAITI AND THE DISCIPLINE OF MY SOLDIERS!

THE ENTIRE COMPANY MARCHED OVER THE EDGE AND WERE DASHED TO DEATH HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW! NOW THEIR GHOSTS HAUNT THE CITADEL!

I BELIEVE YOUR STORY, FRANCOIS, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

IF YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME, ASK THE MAMALO!! SHE WILL TELL YOU OF THE GHOSTS WHO GUARD CHRISTOPHE'S BURIED GOLD IN THE CITADEL'S SECRET TUNNEL!

GOLD? NOW THAT'S REALLY INTERESTING! A MAMALO IS A VODOO PRIESTESS, ISN'T SHE? TAKE ME TO HER!

"A FEW HOURS LATER..."

FRANCOIS TELLS
ME YOU KNOW
OF THE GOLD
BURIED IN
THE CITADEL.
MAMOLO!"

OUI! BUT TO
FIND IT IS NOT
WISE! LISTEN!
HENRI CHRISTOPHE
ROSE FROM A
SLAVE TO BECOME
KING OF HAITI,
AFTER HE DROVE
NAPOLEON'S ARMY
FROM OUR
SHORES...

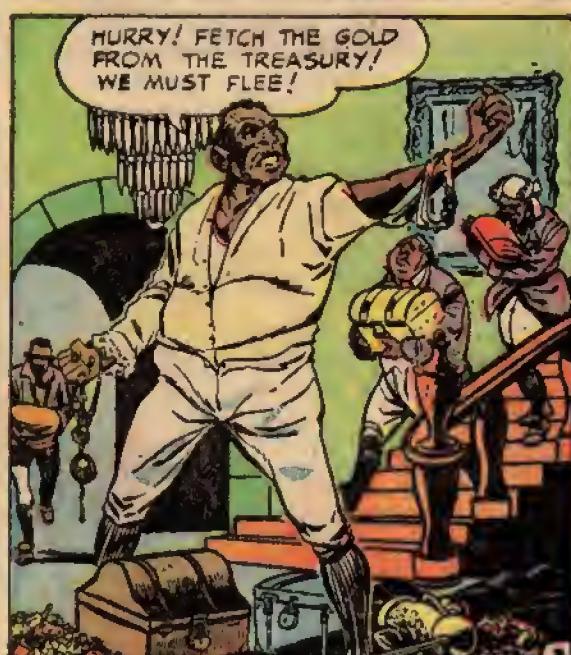
"CHRISTOPHE WAS VAIN AS A WOMAN! HE SURROUNDED HIMSELF
WITH POMP AND LUXURY! HE BUILT MANY PALACES. SANS SOUCI
WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL!"



"BECAUSE CHRISTOPHE FEARED BOTH INVASION
FROM WITHOUT AND REBELLION FROM WITHIN,
HE BUILT THE CITADEL. WHEN IT WAS
CONSTRUCTED, CHRISTOPHE PRESERVED ITS
SECRETS BY..."



"THE FEARED REVOLT FINALLY CAME AND CHRISTOPHE,
AT SANS SOUCI, TOOK FRIGHT WHEN HE SAW HIS
GENERALS DESERT TO THE ENEMY..."



CHRISTOPHE MARSHALLED A FEW LOYAL SERVANTS TO CARRY HIS TREASURE INTO THE SECRET TUNNEL AND BURY IT...

HURRY! WE MUST HIDE THE TREASURE AND GET TO THE CITADEL!



AT DAWN IN THE COUNCIL ROOM OF THE CITADEL, THE KING REWARDED HIS LOYAL SERVANTS!



CHRISTOPHE FINALLY SHOT HIMSELF WITH A GOLD BULLET, BELIEVING THAT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD KILL HIM! THE LOCATIONS OF THE TUNNEL AND THE TREASURE DIED WITH HIM!"

HENRI I... EMPEROR... OF ALL... HAIT...



WOLFE DETERMINED TO FIND CHRISTOPHE'S TREASURE. HE RODE THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO SANS SOUCI...

PLEASE, M'SIEU WOLFE! DO NOT DO THIS THING! IT IS DANGEROUS!

TURN BACK, IF YOU'RE SCARED! I'M GOING TO FIND THAT TUNNEL!



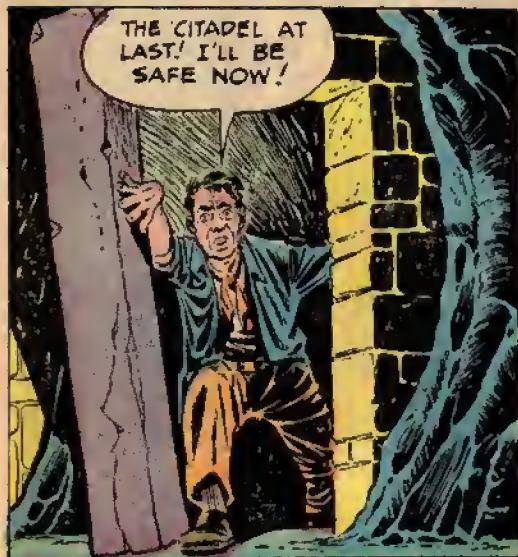
THE GHOSTS ARE THERE TO PROTECT THE TREASURE—ALL THAT IS LEFT OF CHRISTOPHE'S GRANDEUR! AND ALL WHO HAVE SOUGHT HIS GOLD HAVE DIED MYSTERIOUSLY. BE WARNED, M'SIEU, BEFORE YOU, TOO, DIE!



WITHOUT PAUSING TO EAT OR SLEEP, WOLFE FEVERISHLY SEARCHED THE GARDENS OF SANS SOUCI, REALIZING THAT THE KEY TO THE PUZZLE MUST BE THERE, RATHER THAN AT THE CITADEL. FINALLY...

I'VE FOUND IT! THIS STATUE JUST SWINGS OVER, ON ITS PEDESTAL — AND THERE'S THE TUNNEL!





THIS MUST BE
THE COUNCIL
ROOM--GOTTA
STOP--CATCH
MY BREATH--

THAT
BLASTED
ECHO!

DEATH!
AH! IT'S BETTER OUT
HERE IN THE FRESH
AIR! I'M NEVER GOING
BACK IN THAT TUNNEL!
TO THE DEVIL WITH
CHRISTOPHE'S GOLD! LET
HIM KEEP IT--FOREVER!

THE NATIVES ARE STILL
BEATING THEIR TOM-
TOMS! THE SOUND
SEEMS TO BE
COMING FROM
ALL OVER,
NOW!

ATTENTION!
LE ROI!

IT IS INDEED
A MAGNIFICENT
FORTRESS, YOUR
MAJESTY!



STAND BACK! I'LL PLUG THE FIRST GUY THAT COMES NEAR ME! STAND BACK!

YOU SEE, ADMIRAL, MY MEN OBEY ME TO THE DEATH!

STOP THEM! STOP THEM-- YOU-- YOUR MAJESTY!

STOP!

BANG!
BLAM!

NO! NO!!

NO... A-A-ARSH!

IS IT NOT AS I TOLD YOU, M'SIEU WOLFE? THE LOYAL SOLDIERS OF HENRI CHRISTOPHE GUARD THEIR KING'S TREASURE WELL, DO THEY NOT?

The End



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"PRIVATE EYE" BADGE

Gold-like metal, same size and shape as police badge. Wear it on cap, coat lapel or shirt. Flash it on the gang. Sent absolutely FREE when you order cap.

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TWO-WAY COMMUNICATIONS: Set consists of TWO (2) "Transceivers" ready to hook up between any two points. No license needed! Powered by new patented Remo electro-magnetic chassis. Practical, foolproof operation is guaranteed.



BROADCAST OVER HOME RADIO: Either or both of your Walkie Talkies can be hooked up so you can talk into them and hear your voice come out of the radio speaker. "Broadcast" from another room or another part of the house. Mystify your friends—plan your own radio programs and announcements.

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The REMO plug-in crystal adapter and special aerial attachment will permit reception on broadcast frequencies. Adapter, aerial attachment only \$1.98 (Optional). Sets are ruggedly constructed of high quality injection molded plastic; engineered for utility and extra long service. This is not a kit but a factory tested and guaranteed communication system. Guaranteed—or your money refunded in full.



Certificate of Guarantee
If either of your Walkie Talkie Sets should stop operating for any reason, our factory engineers will repair and return it to you at absolutely no cost.

349

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEE! We will refund your money in full within five days if these Walkie Talkies fail to do the amazing things stated in this ad.

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Send 2 Walkie Talkie units _____ Price \$3.49
 Send complete Walkie Talkies plus adapter and aerial _____ Price \$4.98
 Full payment enclosed. Rush order post-paid.
 \$1 deposit enclosed. Will pay postman balance plus charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

ROCKETMAN

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OF THIS
WORLD

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You Can WIN
This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



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Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK
NOW

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as YOU
can be
soon!

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NAME _____ AGE _____
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I GAINED
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY
POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!

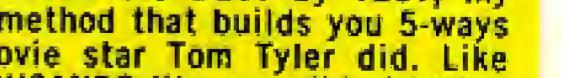
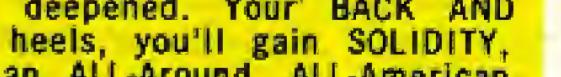
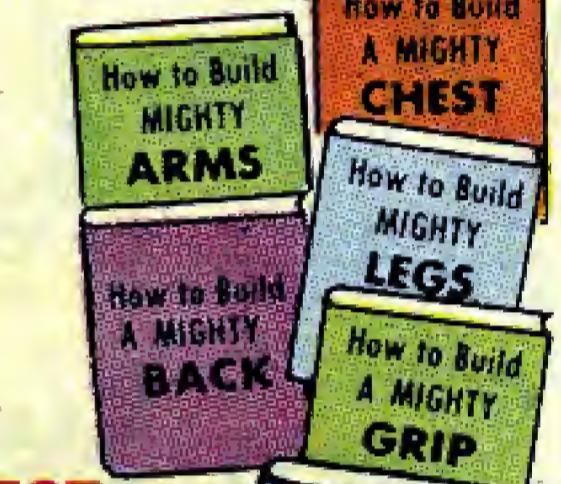
Which of these

2 ME'S
is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.
SPINDLE-
ARMED SISSY below
WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10c
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail NOW
the FREE
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add
6½ inches to your CHEST
3 inches to each ARM
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



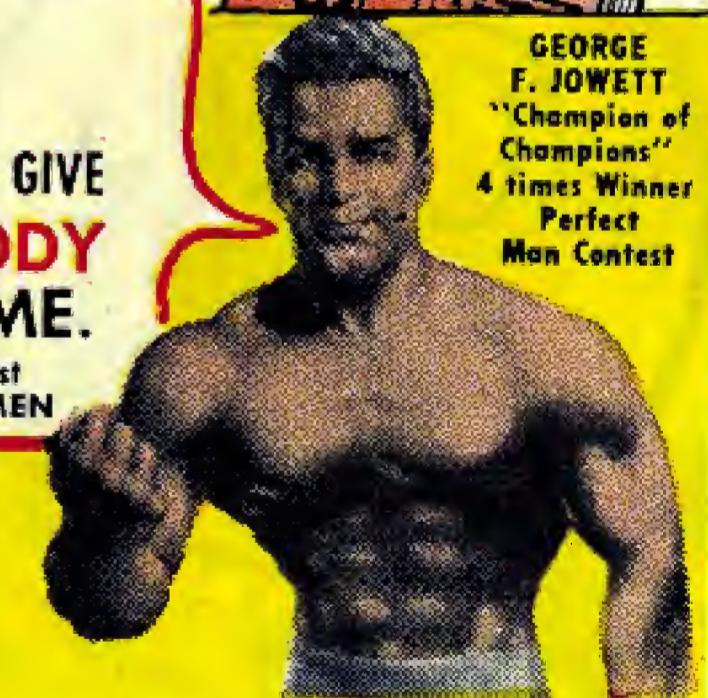
Come on, PAL, NOW

YOU GIVE ME

10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says George F. Jowett World's Greatest
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NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.



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